

# American Girl®

July/August 1994

\$3.95

## **SINGLE!**

*One Summer  
Away at Camp*

## **DOUBLE!**

*Two Cowgirls  
Rope 'n' Ride*

## **TRIPLE!**

*Three Story  
Contest Winners*



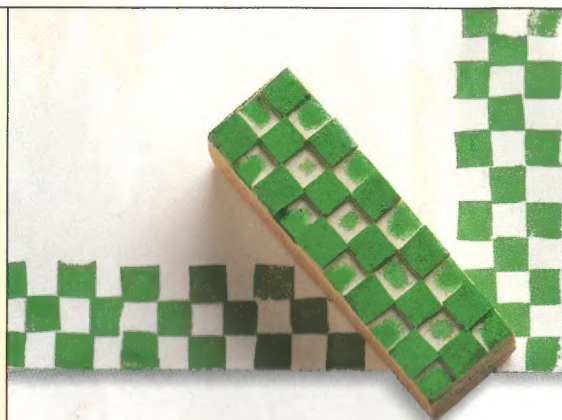
# Contents

Volume 2, Number 4

- 2 Letters from You**
  - 3 Girls Express**
  - 8 Talk It Out**  
"No Girls Allowed"
  - 10 No One Could Be Prouder**  
A story by Valerie Tripp
  - 18 The Story of Sacajawea**
  - 20 What's Summer Camp Really Like?**
  - 26 Put Your Stamp On It!**
  - 28 Ride 'Em, Cowgirls!**
  - 34 Loopy Loops and Sloppy "t"s**
  - 36 Contest Winners**  
A trio of tales by readers like you
  - 44 The Giggle Gang**
  - 47 Help!**
  - 49 Imagine**
- Plus: Your Pull-Out Pop-Out Paper Doll #11**  
Emily Chamberlain

## Find-Its!

Find and answer the 6 questions hidden throughout the magazine. (Answers to find-its and other puzzlers on page 46.)



### Put Your Stamp On It!

Snazzy stationery from homemade rubber stamps

# 26

**Contest Winners**  
Three blue-ribbon stories by three of our readers

# 36





# American Girl®

Celebrating Girls, Yesterday and Today

July/August 1994



## Ride 'Em, Cowgirls!

Two rip-roarin'  
sisters at the Little  
Britches rodeo finals

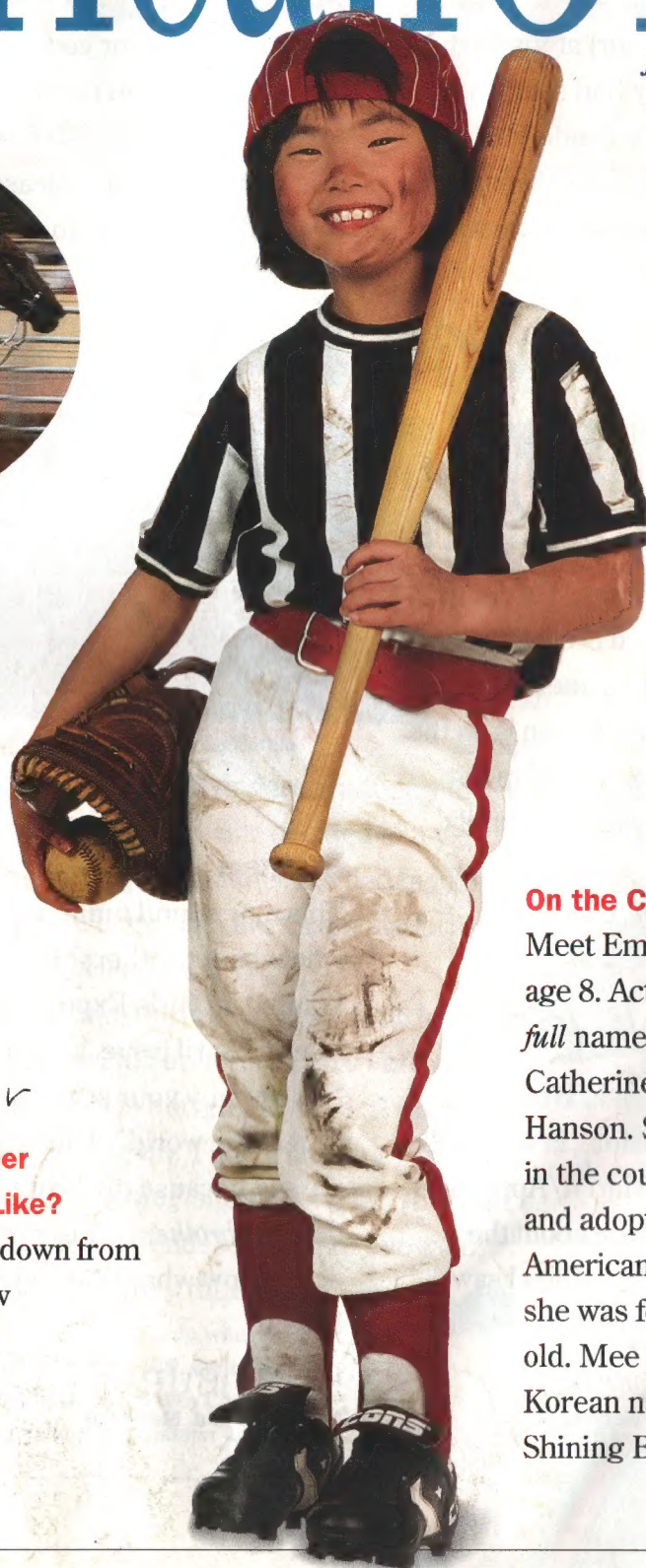
# 28

Friends  
← Forever

## What's Summer Camp Really Like?

Here's the lowdown from  
girls who know

# 20



Emma Hanson

## On the Cover

Meet Emma Hanson, age 8. Actually, Emma's *full* name is Emma Catherine Mee Yeon Hanson. She was born in the country of Korea and adopted by her American family when she was four months old. Mee Yeon is her Korean name. It means Shining Beauty.



# Letters from You

## Curls



Almost every girl at my friend's slumber party had seen your Slumber Party Guide in the March/April issue. We put rags in our hair, and when we woke up our hair was curly!

*Katarina Grande*  
Age 10, Rochester, Minnesota



## Full House

I got a kick out of Help! in the March/April issue. The letter from Frustrated is exactly my story. There are nine kids in my family, and number ten is on the way! It's nice to know I'm not the only one with a big family!

*Marialanna Lee*  
Age 12, Lafayette, Louisiana



## Nebraska

I live in Nebraska. We were doing state history in school the day I got the March/April issue, and I had to write about the blizzard of 1888. When I saw Looking Back I was psyched!

*Christy Gardner*  
Age 10, Omaha, Nebraska

## Honesty



I sent in a story for your story contest that I didn't write. It was written by my sister. If it was a winning story, please don't give the credit to me. Give it to her!

*No Name Please*  
A town in Pennsylvania

**A number of girls have sent us poems and stories they didn't write themselves, and we don't like it one bit. This girl was brave to write in and set things right. She can tell you that cheating makes a person feel terrible. Please don't do it!**

## Brothers



This may sound funny, but what about brothers? In Help Wanted, in Girls Express of the March/April issue, you said, "Tell us why your sister is the best in the world." That made me sad because my brother is the best *brother* in the world. I don't know what I'd do without Kenny.

*Michelle Burdon*  
Age 10, Arnold, Maryland

# American Girl

**PRESIDENT**  
Pleasant T. Rowland  
**PUBLISHER**  
Margo L. Clark

**CIRCULATION MANAGER**  
Jennifer Gross  
**CIRCULATION COORDINATOR**  
Lynn Newhouse

**EDITOR**  
Nancy Holyoke

**SENIOR EDITOR**  
Michelle N. Watkins  
**MANAGING EDITOR**  
Julie A. Finlay  
**FEATURES EDITOR**  
Therese Kauchak Smith  
**CONTRIBUTING EDITOR**  
Harriet Brown

**ART DIRECTION**  
Kym Abrams Design, Inc.  
**ART DIRECTOR**  
Kym Abrams  
**MANAGING ART DIRECTOR**  
Anne Lepley Wilkins

**PRODUCTION MANAGER**  
Kara Litsheim  
**GRAPHIC DESIGNERS**  
Kirstin Daniels, Megan Newton, Michelle Platts

**CONTRIBUTING WRITERS**  
Samantha Bonar, Stacy Sparks

**SPECIAL THANKS TO**  
Polly Athan, Barbara Babcock, Rebecca Bernstein, Katie Brown, Heather Mark Chen, Kellie Cooper, Suzi Galloway, Mary Alice Gorman, Sharon Grover, Gail Rogoznica McKernin, Sally Paula, Kara Richgruber, and the girls at Eagle School, Madison, Wisconsin

**ARCHIVAL PHOTO CREDITS:** THE STORY OF SAGAWA—Missouri Historical Society, p. 19. State Historical Society of North Dakota, p. 19. **COVER CREDITS:** Styling, Karen Lynn Hair, Mary Grapsas.

AMERICAN GIRL® (ISSN 1062-7812) is published bimonthly by Pleasant Company Publications Incorporated, 8400 Fairway Place, Middleton, WI 53562. © Copyright 1994 by Pleasant Company Incorporated. All rights reserved. Subscription rates: One year (six issues) \$19.95. Canadian subscriptions \$24 U.S. Funds. Single issues (current or back copies) \$4.95. Prices subject to change. Second Class postage paid at Madison, Wisconsin, and additional mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to: American Girl, Dept. CA, P.O. Box 620986, Middleton, WI 53562-0986.

**CUSTOMER SERVICE:** 1-800-845-0005. Subscriber: Send change of address information six weeks before moving to: American Girl, Dept. CA, P.O. Box 620986, Middleton, WI 53562-0986. Send old address label (recent mailing label is best), new address, and new telephone number, or call 1-800-845-0005. Editorial Offices: American Girl, Editorial Department, P.O. Box 620986, Middleton, WI 53562-0986. Pleasant Company Publications Incorporated cannot accept liability for loss or damage of photographs or other materials. Unsolicited materials will be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. ALL COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS RECEIVED BY AMERICAN GIRL BECOME THE SOLE PROPERTY OF AMERICAN GIRL AND MAY BE USED WITHOUT COMPENSATION OR ACKNOWLEDGMENT. The name American Girl is a registered trademark owned by Pleasant Company Incorporated; the American Girl logo is a trademark owned by Pleasant Company Incorporated; this name and logo cannot be used without the express written consent of Pleasant Company Incorporated. ISBN 1-56247-159-7.

Illustrations: Mary Lynn Blasutta

1. What's a gizmo?



# Girls Express



## Buzzword

American girls everywhere are using this buzzword this summer:

## ingenious

What it means: original, clever

How to say it: in-JEAN-yus

One way to use it: "Maggie built an ingenious bicycle-powered ice-cream maker for the school's Invention Convention."

The buzzword is tucked somewhere into this issue of *American Girl*.

Can you find it?



## Daredevil Diver



Sarah Picard of Hanford, California

Can you imagine diving into a pool from the top of a two-story building? That's how high Sarah Picard is when she takes a plunge.

Sarah's into platform diving. She competes against other kids, diving from a concrete platform rather than a springy diving board. She decided to try the sport last summer after jumping from a ladder her dad held by the family's backyard pool. These days, she dives from platforms that are about 22 feet high!

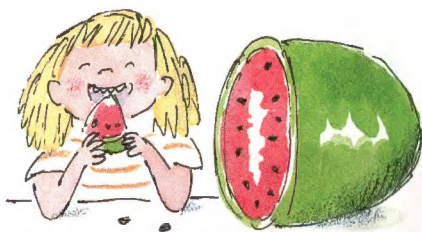
To stay calm during the long climb to her sky-high perch, Sarah recites part of her favorite poem to herself. "If you find your task too hard, try again. Time will bring you your reward. Try again," she says. So far, she hasn't convinced her friends to join her. "I've tried," she says. "But they think I'm crazy!"

For more on the sport, do what Sarah did—write to U.S. Diving, Inc., Pan Am Plaza, 201 South Capitol Ave., #430, Indianapolis, Indiana 46225.



Photos: Scott Angier





## Watermelon

Watermelon, watermelon

Such great big fruit

Sitting there in your

Big green suit

Lauren Tulp

Age 8, Stoneham, Massachusetts



## Summer Reading

Take a look at two summertime books.

**Tuck Everlasting**, by Natalie Babbitt

"This is about a family named Tuck. They drink magic water that makes them live forever. A girl named Winnie finds out about them. She has to decide whether to live forever with the Tucks or to be a regular person and die eventually. It's a very good book!"

Allison Titch

Age 10, La Grange, Illinois

**Mayfield Crossing**, by Vaunda Micheaux Nelson

"Meg Turner is an African-American girl who experiences racial prejudice when she goes to a new school during the 1960s. The most exciting part is when Meg's brother gets into a fight with a bully. I give this book four stars."

Imogen White-Hanlund

Age 13, Macungie, Pennsylvania

## True Story

Dear American Girl,

One summer I learned a lesson: clams have a nasty attitude! One day we went to the bay near my home in Alaska to dig for clams. The clams were still alive, and I started poking a really big one with my finger. My mom said, "You shouldn't do that, something could happen." I said, "Oh, Mom. Nothing will happen." And then the clam clamped its shell right on my poor finger! I started screaming. It felt like getting my finger slammed in the car door. I had to scream until my dad came and cut the clam off my finger.

I learned not to mess with live clams. And you can bet I haven't poked my finger in a clam since!

Sincerely,

Aryn Perea

Age 11, Nenana, Alaska



## Top Dog

There's more to training a dog than getting it to roll over and beg, according to Meghann Lord, age 13. She should know. She's been entering her family's Russian wolfhounds in dog shows for eight years.

Meghann spends hours every week

practicing commands and

moves with her dog, Chandon. Before a show, she

grooms Chandon for two hours—she even cleans

the dog's teeth! During a show, a judge looks at a

dog's appearance, then watches as the handler

trots it around the ring. Once Meghann

tripped and fell during a dog show. She

blushed bright red, but got up and still won

first prize. Guess it takes love

and poise to be top dog!

Chandon is a Russian wolfhound, also known as a borzoi.



Meghann in the ring





# How to Make a Dull Day Shine

Brighten up a lazy day with these super-fun ideas!



Draw a **chalk portrait** of a friend on the sidewalk. Make her stand beside it until someone recognizes it's her.



Make **fruit freezies**. Freeze sliced bananas and whole grapes for one hour. They turn into ice-cold candy!



Make **movie-star sunglasses**. Use a glitter-paint pen and stick-on gems to decorate big plastic sunglasses. Act famous.



Celebrate a summer **morning**. Get up before everyone else and have a bowl of berries for breakfast on the front porch.



Wet your **whistle**. Have a contest. Who can whistle "The Star-Spangled Banner" the fastest? Ready, set, blow!



Be **mysterious**! Send a message in invisible ink. Use lemon juice for "ink" and write with a cotton swab. Let the ink dry. To reveal the message, hold near a bright light bulb.

Find a four-leaf **clover**. Wish summer would never end!



## A.G.'s POLL



Your answers:

This month, we did a chocolate ice-cream taste test. We asked a team of readers to try:

Two Baskin-Robbins frozen yogurts  
Boom Choco Laka Laka  
Maui Brownie Madness

Three ice creams from Ben & Jerry's  
Mocha Fudge  
Double Chocolate Fudge Swirl  
Deep Dark Chocolate

The best of the batch?

**Ben & Jerry's Mocha Fudge**

Next question:

What kind of animal would be your dream pet?

Cat



What animal do you have as a pet now? What's its name?

Guinea Pig

Marshmallow

## Write to Us!

Send your response to A.G.'s Poll to the address below. Be sure to include your name and AGE.

American Girl  
GirlsExpress



8400 Fairway Place  
Middleton, WI 53562

Deadline: Answers from this issue should be in by August 1, 1994.

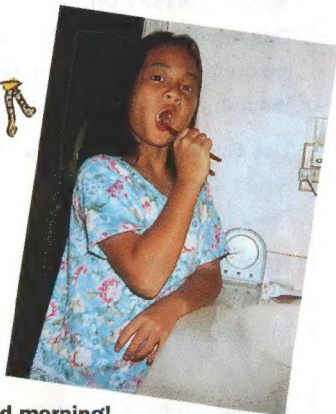


Cut out your answers and mail them to us.



# One Great Summer Day

Last year we asked 100 girls to take photos of what they did on August 7. Here's a sampling from their sunny summer scrapbooks!



**Good morning!**  
Kinsey Lynn Yee  
Age 9, Pensacola, Florida



**What a view!**  
MARYANN MARIE KOOPMAN  
Age 11, Bozeman, Montana



**Head over heels**  
Laura Matter  
Age 10, Decorah, Iowa



**Slurp!**  
Stephanie Grandstaff  
Age 12, Post Falls, Idaho



**Water buddies**  
Jennifer Casazza  
Age 10, Hollis, New Hampshire



**Vroom, vroom**  
Bess Hammond  
Age 11, Camden, South Carolina



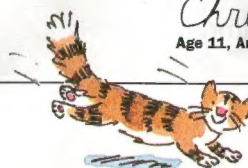
**Sisters**  
Gabriella Campagna  
Age 8, New York, New York



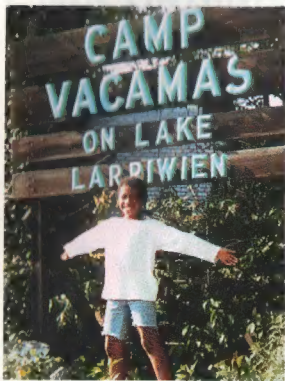
**A girl's best friend**  
Maren Langdon  
Age 10, Montpelier, Vermont



**Please pass the soap**  
Christina DiMaria  
Age 11, Anchorage, Alaska







First day at camp

Iman Leslie  
Age 9, Montclair, New Jersey



Pumping iron

Sylvia Ewald  
Age 8, Birchwood Village, Minnesota



Summer sale

Kelly Birchler  
Age 11, St. Louis, Missouri



Bicycle built for two

Stephanie May Krenik  
Age 11, Madison Lake, Minnesota



It's f-f-freezing!

Megan Orrell  
Age 11, Wilmington, North Carolina



Cake baking

LaTaisha Mitchell  
Age 12, Detroit, Michigan



A-tisket, a-tasket

Kristen M. Chandler  
Age 13, Martinsville, Ohio



Hot wheels

Grace Yang  
Age 11, Bridgeton, New Jersey



Six smiles high

Laura Birkley  
Age 10, Brookings, South Dakota



## "No Girls Allowed"

This month we asked readers: Have you ever been told you can't do something because you're a girl?



When I wanted to sign up for karate, the office told me only boys could do it. They thought girls would hurt themselves or wouldn't like the suit. I thought the suit was cool! If this happened again, I'd gather together some friends and parents who felt the same way and make a complaint.

*Heather Peterson*  
Age 9, Weston, Massachusetts



In my art class, a group of girls were working on a papier-mâché cow. The teacher told us to get a piece of wood for the cow's head. But he gave the saw to the boys to cut the wood, instead of letting the girls cut it. It made me feel helpless.

*Molly Rotsch*  
Age 11, Wayzata, Minnesota



I was told that I could not shoot a BB gun because I was a girl. How did this make me feel? I hated it as much as I hate liver.

*Sara E. Laramie*  
Age 9, Charlotte, North Carolina



My cousin told me girls weren't supposed to play football because it's a rough game. I gave him a piece of my mind and began playing, just as I had intended to. If someone ever says something like that again, I will say "Oh, poppycop!" and do it anyway!

*God-is Moi Watts*  
Age 9, Bronx, New York



We're allowed to do anything boys do if we're good enough at it. But I don't think girls should compete with boys in sports. A girl isn't as strong. Her body isn't made to work at the same level as a boy's.

*Elizabeth Hale*  
Age 11, Nicholasville, Kentucky



I think everybody's equal. Although we all have different abilities, they aren't based on whether you're a boy or a girl. If I can or can't do something, it's not because I'm a girl but because I'm an individual, and that's what I personally can or can't do.

*Amanda Stanford*  
Age 12, Pawtucket, Rhode Island





I am a girl who plays hockey. I think girls and boys are equal in most things, even those that have been

traditionally for one sex only.

*Maia Gianakos*

Age 10, New York, New York



I don't think there's anything a girl can't do that a boy can. And I think boys can play dolls like girls can

play cars and trucks.

*Melanie J. Brisse*

Age 10, Stone Mountain, Georgia



If people ever tell me I can't do something because I'm a girl, I'll tell them they're wrong. I can do what-

ever I want. It doesn't matter if I'm a girl or a boy.

*Stephanie Rodrigues*

Age 12, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania



Don't listen to people who say you can't do things. Just ignore them and walk away. They can't put down

your self-confidence.

*LaTonya Whitaker*

Age 11, Lancaster, California



You should always look at a disappointment as a constant fight to keep going. Try and try until you

make it. Never give up!

*Lisa Maria Roberts*

Age 9, Miami, Florida

## What to Do If It Happens to You

**1**

If other kids say, "Girls can't do this":

Don't accept it. Say, "Come on, you know that's wrong!" If you can, just join in. If they still won't let you participate, talk to individual kids from the group afterward. There may be only one or two who want to keep you out. If you can win a few people over, they may stick up for you the next day, when you go back to try again.

**2**

If someone assumes you don't want to do something, but you really do:

Tell the person how you feel. If a teacher asks a boy to saw a piece of wood or carry a big stack of books for you, say, "I'd really like to do the sawing myself." If you don't know how, ask the teacher to show you. That's why he or she is there!

## Let's Talk Some More

Talk It Out is changing! Instead of visiting different schools, *American Girl* now invites readers to send in answers. Some will be printed in a future issue.



Next subject: Is it ever O.K. to tell a secret someone has shared with you? Give examples from real life that support what you say. Why do you feel the way you do?

Send your answers and a school picture to:

*American Girl*, 8400 Fairway Place, Middleton, WI 53562. Deadline: August 1, 1994. Be sure to include your name and age. ★



1944

# No One Could Be Prouder

BY VALERIE TRIPP  
ILLUSTRATED BY NICK BACKES





# At last! It's the day of the big hike at Camp Gowonagin, and Molly is *sure* she'll be the first girl to find the surprise at the end of it.



olly McIntire ran up the path to her tent as fast as her legs could carry her. She flung back the tent flap and announced, "We're going! Tomorrow's the

day! All the new campers are going on the overnight nature hike!"

"Hurrray!" shrieked Linda and Susan, Molly's best friends, who were also new campers.

"You lucky ducks," sighed their tentmate Irene. She had been at camp before, so she was an old camper. "I wish I could go on that hike again."

"I can't wait!" exclaimed Molly. Ever since she had arrived at Camp Gowonagin one week ago, the old campers had been telling her about the overnight nature hike. It was the first hike of the summer, so that alone made it exciting. But what made it extra special was this: there was a surprise at the end. Old campers were sworn to secrecy about it. "We can't tell you what the surprise is," they'd say. "But, oh! You'll love it!"

Molly often daydreamed about what the surprise might be. A cave? A lake? An eagle's nest? To Molly the surprise was all the more

wonderful because you had to earn it. It was a discovery to be found only at the end of a long, hard hike. No one was going to give the surprise away, so Molly didn't ask questions about it. She was enchanted with the mystery of it all.

But Linda liked to get to the bottom of things. "This surprise business is for the birds," she was saying to Irene. "Couldn't you at least give us a hint?"

Irene just grinned.

"I hope it doesn't have to do with canoes," said Susan nervously. "We don't have to paddle up a waterfall or anything, do we?"

Irene giggled. "I can't tell you what the surprise is," she said. "But, oh! You'll love it."

Molly was sure she would.

In fact, Molly was sure she was going to love the whole overnight nature hike more than any other girl at Camp Gowonagin. She had been looking forward to being in the woods for so long! Back home, before she came to camp, Molly had read a book about Sacajawea, the Shoshone Indian guide who led the explorers Lewis and Clark through the wilderness, across the Rocky Mountains, and to the Pacific Ocean in 1805.





Molly thought Sacajawea was the bravest, smartest, most admirable person she had ever heard of.

*On the nature hike, I will be just like Sacajawea, Molly thought as she packed her rucksack. I'll walk silently through the woods. I'll sleep under the stars. I'll cook over a campfire. And when I find the surprise, I'll be just like Sacajawea finding the Pacific Ocean for Lewis and Clark. Oh, if Sacajawea could see me tomorrow, I know she'd be proud!*



W e're from Gowonagin, and no one could be prouder, and if you cannot hear us, we'll yell a little louder!"

"Louder?" muttered

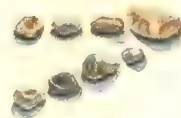
Molly crossly. Ever since they'd left camp at sunrise that morning, all the other hikers had been yowling stupid songs at the top of their lungs. They screeched at vines that looked like snakes. They stamped on sticks to snap them.

Everyone, including her own friends Linda and Susan, was ruining the nature hike for Molly. They were *supposed* to be moving silently, swiftly through the woods, without disturbing so much as a leaf. Instead, they were crashing through the woods like a herd of stampeding elephants! Molly knew this was not the way true woodspeople conducted themselves. She was sure Sacajawea would be horrified.

Even Miss Butternut, the counselor who was leading the hike, was acting all wrong. She tooted on her bugle to get the girls' attention, and then she began speaking in her loud

fluty voice as if they were all back in the Mess Hall at camp!

"Girls," she said. "Observe these stones placed in the shape of an arrowhead. These stones point out our way." A little later she asked, "Girls, can anyone tell me what this stick supported by two other sticks means?"

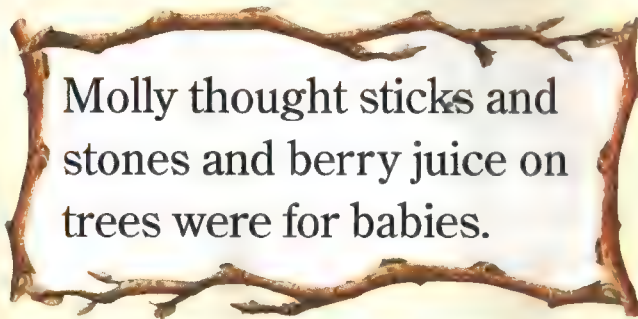


Susan, whose sister was a Girl Scout, piped up with the answer. "That means it's two more miles to the end of the trail," she said.

"Splendid, Susan!" said Miss Butternut, beaming. "Now, girls, do you see the berry stain on the trunk of this tree?"

Molly didn't pay much attention while Miss Butternut talked loudly on and on about different trail marks. She thought sticks and stones and berry juice on trees were for babies. Sacajawea certainly didn't have any such trail marks to follow in the wilderness. Oh, no! Sacajawea had to rely on the shadows cast by the trees, the scent of water in the air, and the sound of the wind to find *her* way. Molly started to pretend that she was Sacajawea. She took some deep breaths.

Molly thought sticks and stones and berry juice on trees were for babies.



"What are you doing?" asked Susan. She and Linda were walking behind Molly.

"I'm smelling the air like Sacajawea did," said Molly.

"What for?" asked Susan.





"To find the way," said Molly shortly.

"You're kidding," said Linda. "That's silly. You can just follow the trail marks, for pete's sake."

But Susan took a deep breath, too. "Do you smell wienies?" she asked Molly. "I'm sort of hoping the surprise is that someone is cooking lunch for us. I hope it's wienies!"

Linda laughed. "Wienies? That's not what hikers eat." She began to sing, "Great green gobs of greasy grimy gopher guts . . ."

"Cut it out!" said Molly, annoyed. But Linda just sang louder, and soon the other hikers were singing with her. Molly was glad when Miss Butternut blew her bugle and all the hikers stopped singing and came to a halt.

"Well, girls, this is it," said Miss Butternut. "This is where the race to the surprise begins." She waited for the girls' cheers to die down before she went on. "I will now divide you into two teams. Each team has its own marked trail to follow. At the end of your trail, you'll find the surprise. You'll know when you get there because the surprise is . . . well, I can't tell you what it is, but—"

"We'll love it!" all the hikers shouted together.

"Yes!" said Miss Butternut with a laugh. "And lunch is there, too."

Quickly, Miss Butternut divided the hikers into teams. Molly, Linda, and Susan were on a team with five girls they didn't know very well.

"Now, before you go," said Miss Butternut, "let's recite the three rules of hiking."

*Rules!* thought Molly. *Sacajawea didn't need rules any more than she needed trail marks.* But all the other girls spoke together: "Never hike





alone. Stay on the marked trail. Carry water."

"Splendid!" said Miss Butternut. "Very well, off you go! See you at the surprise."

"Hurray!" the girls yelled as they set forth into the woods.

Molly walked fast so that she was well ahead of the rest of her noisy team. After a short while, she came to a place where the trail split in two. Molly never stopped.

She forged ahead on the branch of the trail that led steeply downhill. The rest of the team stopped at the split.

"Hey, Molly!" Linda shouted after her. "You're going the wrong way!"

Molly walked back to the split. "No, I'm not," she said.

"Yes, you are," said Susan. "The trail goes uphill. See that stick pointing the way?"

"That's just an old stick that fell off a tree," said Molly. "Anybody can see that the bigger trail goes downhill. That uphill trail is just a deer path or something."

"No, it's not," Susan began.

"Let's not waste time arguing," cut in Linda. "Everyone who wants to go downhill, follow Molly. Everyone who wants to go uphill, follow me."

Molly turned sharply and walked down the steep path. No one followed her.

"You're breaking the first rule of hiking," Susan called after her.

"I don't care!" Molly shouted back. And she didn't. Now at last she could *really* feel like Sacajawea, alone in the quiet woods.





Down, down, down Molly walked. She was proud of the way she moved smoothly and placed her feet gently so she did not make any noise.

The trail grew narrower each step of the way. It crossed Molly's mind that they'd hiked uphill all morning, so it was a little funny that she was going steadily downhill now. And she did wish the trail weren't getting so hard to follow. After an hour of hiking alone, she was only guessing where the trail was.

Molly stopped to decide which way to go. She heard a bird whistling, and leaves rustling, and— With a shock, Molly heard the thump of heavy footsteps and the crackling sound of a large creature pushing through the underbrush. Molly's heart beat fast. Was it a bear? Was it a bobcat? She looked around frantically for a tree to climb.

"Molleee!" a voice called. "Molly! Where are you?"

Molly let out her breath. That was no bear. That was Susan. "I'm over here!" she shouted.

Susan emerged from the trees, red-faced and sweaty. "I couldn't let you break the first rule of hiking," she panted.

Molly didn't want to admit it, but she was quite glad to see her friend. "How'd you find me?" she asked.

"Gosh, I don't know," said Susan. "I think you must have broken the second rule of hiking, too. That's the one about staying on the marked trail. I haven't seen any trail marks for miles." Susan plopped down on a rock. "I hope you didn't break the third rule of hiking. I hope you brought water. I drank all of mine."

"I have water," said Molly. She searched in

her rucksack for her leather water pouch. She'd packed it instead of her metal canteen because she felt the pouch was more like something Sacajawea would have carried. She pulled the pouch out now and discovered that it was empty. The water had leaked out all over everything in her rucksack.

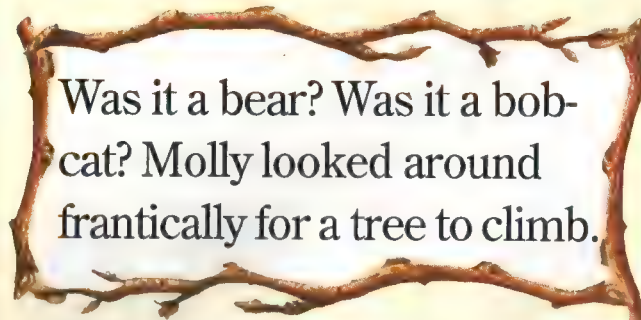


Susan looked at the empty pouch and sighed.

Suddenly Molly felt ashamed. "Oh, Susan," she said. "I'm sorry. I was wrong about the downhill trail. Everyone else is probably already at the surprise. It's bad enough I got myself lost, but now I've got you lost, too. What are we going to do?"

"Well," said Susan with half a grin, "maybe you better smell the air again. Maybe that'll help us find the way."

Molly laughed in spite of herself. She took a deep, noisy breath. Susan giggled. Molly took another exaggerated breath. The odd thing was, Molly really *did* smell something.



Was it a bear? Was it a bobcat? Molly looked around frantically for a tree to climb.

"You know what?" she said. "I think I smell water. And I think I hear water, too. Come on."

Molly followed the rushing, gurgling sound through a clump of trees and down a little slope to a small stream.

"Hey!" said Susan. "The Sacajawea stuff worked!"

"Let's follow the stream," suggested Molly.



"Maybe it leads to Lake Gowonagin."

"O.K.," said Susan.

The two tired girls followed the stream as it twisted and turned its way through the woods. Then all of a sudden, the trees stopped. The stream had led them to a small clearing at the edge of a beautiful little pond. The pond water was dark, smooth, and peaceful.

Susan spoke in a soft voice.

"I wonder if anyone has ever been here before."

"Ooh," breathed Susan and Molly together. Right away both girls sat down, kicked off their shoes, peeled off their socks, and dipped their feet in the cool water. *This is how Sacajawea must have felt when she finally put her feet in the Pacific Ocean*, Molly thought.

Susan spoke in a soft voice. "I wonder if anyone has ever been here before."

"I don't know," said Molly. "Maybe we discovered it."

For a long while, Molly and Susan sat at the edge of the pond without saying a word, just resting and enjoying the feeling of sun on their faces. Then Susan sighed. "I hate to leave," she said. "But we'd better try to find our way back to camp."

Just then Molly heard the unmistakable sound of lots of feet stomping through the woods. "It's Miss Butternut and the girls!" she exclaimed joyfully. She jumped up and yelled, "Yoo-hoo! Over here! It's us!" This time, Molly was very happy to hear the hikers





stampeding like a herd of elephants. She was even more pleased to see them as they appeared through the trees and crowded around her and Susan. Everyone was talking at once.

"Boy, did we have a time finding you!" said Linda. "We thought you were lost forever!"

"So did we!" said Susan.

"Girls!" said Miss Butternut in a voice that made them immediately quiet. Her round face was flushed. She put her hands on her hips and said to Molly and Susan, "Well. And what do you two have to say for yourselves?"

Molly could hardly look Miss Butternut in the eye. "It . . . it was all my fault, Miss Butternut," she said, shamefaced. "Susan just came after me to try to help me. I was the one who broke the rules of hiking. I won't do it again. I'm really sorry."

Miss Butternut shook her head. "The rules of hiking are not to be taken lightly," she said. "I think you've found *that* out."

Molly said, "I sure have."

Miss Butternut put one arm around Molly and the other around Susan. She looked out at the pond for a moment. Then she said, "And you've found something else, too. I've never seen this pond before. It's a beauty! What are you going to name it, girls?"

Molly and Susan looked at each other and smiled. "We'd like to call it Sacajawea's Pond," said Molly. "Because she helped us find it."

"I am sure Sacajawea would be proud," said Miss Butternut. Then she said to the rest of the campers, "Who'd like a swim?"

"I would!" yelled the girls as they pulled their swimsuits out of their packs.

"Last one in is a rotten egg!" said Miss Butternut.

*What a surprising day*, thought Molly as she swam out to the middle of the pond. Suddenly she stopped still. The surprise! She had forgotten all about the surprise! "Linda!" she called out to her friend who was floating on her back nearby.

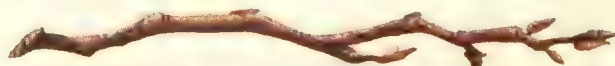
"What?" asked Linda lazily.

"Listen! When Susan and I were lost, did the rest of you find the surprise?"

"Yup," said Linda.

Molly couldn't stand it. "Well, come on! You've got to tell me. What is it? What's the surprise?" she demanded.

Without turning her head, Linda grinned. Right away Molly knew exactly what Linda was going to say, and she knew she deserved it. Sure enough, Linda answered, "I can't tell you what the surprise was. But, oh! You would have loved it!" ★



Meet the Author

## Valerie Tripp



When I was Molly's age, I went to a summer camp just like Camp Gowonagin. I loved the nights when everyone gathered around a big campfire to sing camp songs, roast marshmallows, and listen to the counselors tell stories about Sacajawea.

Valerie Tripp is the author of the Molly books in The American Girls Collection.





# The Story of Sacajawea

By the time a girl like Molly read about Sacajawea, this Indian woman was a legend. But as legends grow, so do make-believe parts of the tale. Here's the real story of this American heroine.

**T**he story begins around 1795 in the Rocky Mountains. A Shoshone Indian campsite is attacked by an enemy tribe. Many people are killed, and a young Shoshone girl is captured. She won't see her tribe again for many years.

The enemy tribe named the captured girl Sacajawea (Sac-a-ja-WEE-a), or "Bird Woman." When she was 16, the tribe sold Sacajawea to a French-Canadian fur trader to be his wife. Soon after, she started on a journey that would make her one of the most famous women in American history.

It was October of 1804 when Sacajawea met Meriwether Lewis and William Clark in North

Dakota. The men were exploring the Louisiana Territory, the huge lands bought by the United States. They also hoped to find a way to travel by boat to the Pacific Ocean.

For Lewis and Clark, meeting Sacajawea was great luck. They knew they would have to get horses from the Shoshone in order to cross the Rocky Mountains. Would the Shoshone be friendly? The men didn't know. Surely, having a Shoshone in their group would help.

A deal was made. Lewis and Clark hired Sacajawea and her husband to come with them and translate Indian languages and, most importantly, to help them bargain for Shoshone horses. For Sacajawea, this was a chance to see her tribe once again.

In April 1805, the group set out, with one addition—Sacajawea's new baby boy, Pomp.



**In 1805, this journey took 14 months. Today, it takes about 6 hours by plane.**





A hundred years after the Lewis and Clark expedition, a book said Sacajawea was the main guide for the group, and scenes like this were painted. Today, we know Sacajawea didn't lead the group. We also know she helped in many other ways.

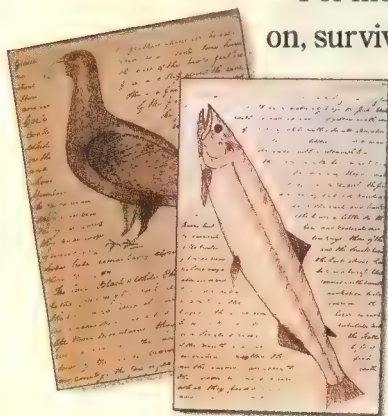
Sacajawea bundled tiny Pomp onto her back and climbed into a large canoe. She carried him through nearly 4,000 miles of wilderness.

For months, the group traveled on, surviving disasters and terrible sickness. In mid-

August they found the Shoshone tribe. Sacajawea cried with joy! Her brother was their chief.

With Sacajawea's help, the group got the horses they needed and continued over the Rocky Mountains. In

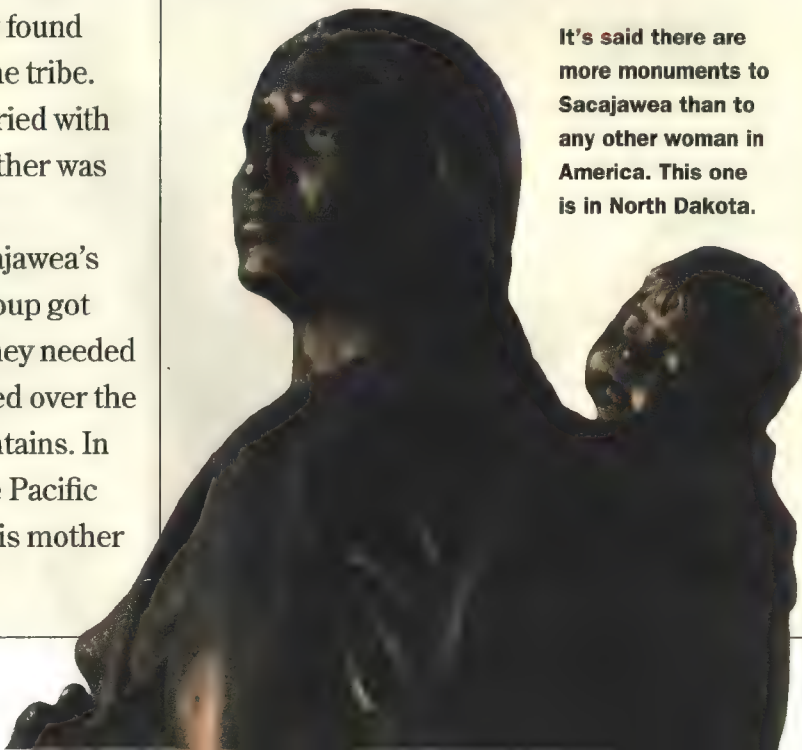
late fall, they reached their goal: the Pacific Ocean. Years later, Pomp recalled his mother holding him up to see the vast sea.



Clark kept a detailed journal throughout the journey. In his journal he called Sacajawea "truly admirable."

The end of Sacajawea's story remains a mystery. Some say she died shortly after the journey. Others say she went back to the Shoshone and lived to be very old, telling generations of children about her incredible journey to the "Big Water." ★

It's said there are more monuments to Sacajawea than to any other woman in America. This one is in North Dakota.

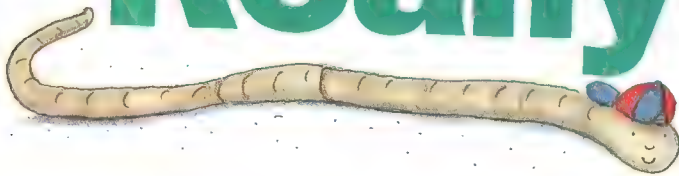




You're thinking about camp and you have lots of questions: What do you do there? Is it hard to make friends? Is it *fun*? Meet some campers from around the country. They'll tell you all about their camps and answer your *biggest* question:



# What's Summer Camp Really Like?



## In the Woods

Hiking, horseback riding, archery—these are some traditional camp activities. At Camp We-Ha-Kee near Winter, Wisconsin, girls do all these and many more!

That's us with →  
Mary We-Ha-Kee.  
She's the  
wooden girl!







← something's fishy.

## Under the Sea

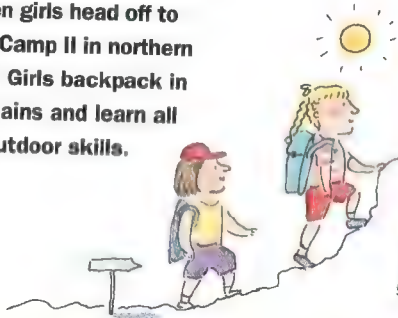
Learning about the world around you is a big part of camp. At Seacamp in Big Pine Key, Florida, girls explore the underwater world near the only living coral reef in the United States!



← Whew! What a ride.

## In the Mountains

Challenge is the name of the game when girls head off to Mountain Camp II in northern California. Girls backpack in the mountains and learn all kinds of outdoor skills.



← Mes amies.  
That's French for  
"my friends."

## "Far Away"

At Concordia Language Villages, girls discover what it's like to live in another country—even though they're really in northern Minnesota. These girls chose the French village at Concordia.





# Will I have fun?

Every camp has its own special traditions, favorite legends, and crazy games. The *fun* comes from learning and sharing them!



## A “New” Me!

At camp, so much is new. At the Language Villages that means even you! As soon as a girl arrives, she goes through “customs.” There she gets a “passport” and chooses a new French name.

Girls love their French village—especially the French food! A special treat is going to the candy store. The girls’ nickname for it is *Sucré Coeur*—“Sweet Heart” in English.



## Moonlight Magic

When the moon is full, girls at Camp We-Ha-Kee wait for a mysterious visitor. When they hear soft drumbeats in the forest, the girls know that *this* is the night.

In the magical moonlight, a woman on horseback rides out of the shadowy woods. She steps into a canoe and paddles down the lake, singing traditional Indian songs. Floating candles light her way. Could this be Mary We-Ha-Kee herself—checking to see that the campers are O.K.?

According to camp legend, Mary We-Ha-Kee was a girl whose mother was a Sioux Indian. Mary’s father was a French fur trader. When she was eight years old, Mary was cared for by a group of nuns living in the Wisconsin woods. Sadly, Mary died of a disease when she was just 14 years old. Years later, the nuns named their girls’ camp after Mary. We-Ha-Kee means “little one” in the Sioux language.







Light as a feather?!

## Laugh-a-Lot

The craziest tradition at Mountain Camp is called the "gizmo." It's just an ordinary clothespin, but it can make girls do extraordinary things! If someone pins the gizmo onto a girl, the camp

director can tell her whole group to do something "really outrageous," says camper Lydia Einfeld. What's outrageous? How about having to pose like body-builders—in front of the whole camp!



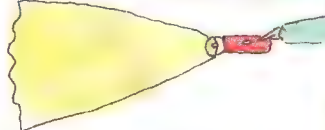
## Great Games!

At Seacamp, girls learn about all kinds of sea life. One of their favorite camp lessons—and favorite games—is about how sea animals hide from predators by blending into their environment.

You can play a version of this game called "Predator" at home, but you'll need lots of mud and tall grass! First, slather mud all over yourself. Then hide in the grass while the girl who's IT closes her eyes. When IT opens her eyes, she "hunts" for her prey—but she has to stand in one spot to do it. You're "caught" when IT points at you and calls out your name!

## What should I bring?

Here are some essentials!



"A flashlight helps if you get up in the middle of the night."

Laura Warner  
Language Villages

"Paper, envelopes, stamps, and a pencil to write about all the wonderful things happening at camp."



Lydia Einfeld  
Mountain Camp



"Warm pajamas, because nights can get really cold!"

Mary Moor  
Camp We-Ha-Kee



"A photo album so you can show your family to your friends at camp."

Samantha Petro  
Camp We-Ha-Kee

"A hairbrush. I forgot mine, and it was really dumb. I was in snarl heaven!"

Rachael Donovan  
Mountain Camp





# Can I do it?

Sure you can! These campers did. Share some of their greatest challenges and proudest moments of the summer.

A whole new world!



## Take a Plunge

Learning a new skill is one of the scariest, bravest, and most fun things a girl can do at camp.

Mastering skills like snorkeling and water skiing or finishing a great-looking craft project gives you a proud feeling of "I can do it!"

## Reach for the Top

At Mountain Camp, the girls' greatest challenge is the ropes course. It's an obstacle course 30 feet in the air!

The obstacle course has tire swings, a tightrope walk, and a rope bridge. There's also "the Giant's Ladder," a 30-foot-high wall. Climbing the wall can be tough going, but counselors are there to lend a hand. Of course, girls do wear safety harnesses to catch them if they fall!



Climbing the Giant's Ladder.



Look, Mom. No hands!



# Will I make friends?

Many girls worried about making friends. Know what? They *all* made new friends—lots of them!

Friends Forever!



## What else?



"Never frown or mope when things don't go your way. Keep smiling!"

Andrea Fawcett  
Camp We-Ha-Kee

"Bring lots of bug spray and don't be nervous."

Madeleine Chollet  
Language Villages



"Have fun, and bring extra socks and underwear!"

Aleen Raybin  
Mountain Camp

By the end of camp, our campers said the only question left is:

## Can I go back?

You can find out more about these camps and others in your area by contacting the American Camping Association. Its camp guide lists more than 2,000 day and overnight camps. You can order the guide by calling (800)428-CAMP. ★





# Craft

## Put Your Stamp On It!

Use these fun-to-make stamps to decorate stationery, envelopes, and note cards. Make all your summer letters a *special* delivery!

### YOU WILL NEED

- Small blocks of wood from 1 to 3 inches across. They can be squares, rectangles, or any other shape.
- Scissors
- Carpet tape, available at hardware stores. This is two-sided tape with a peel-off backing on one side.
- Rubber bands of various widths
- Stamp pads with washable ink, or washable markers
- Scrap paper
- Plain stationery, envelopes, note cards, or gift wrap
- Paper towels



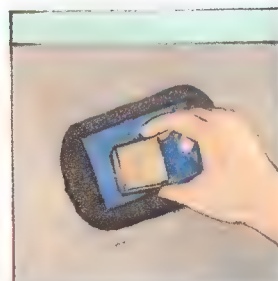
**1** Cover one side of a wooden block with carpet tape. You may need more than one piece of tape to cover it. Trim off any pieces of carpet tape that hang over the edges of the block. Don't remove the peel-off backing from the tape yet.



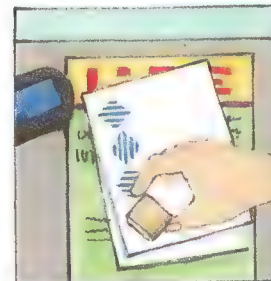
**2** Cut several rubber bands of the same type into pieces of different size. Arrange the pieces until you have a design you like. Tips: Use only one kind of rubber band on each block. Do not overlap pieces of rubber band. See the tips for making letters on the opposite page.



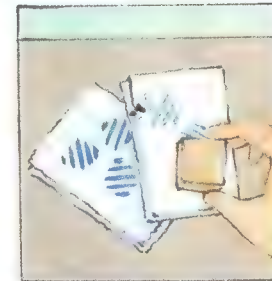
**3** When your design is ready, remove the peel-off backing from the tape. Piece by piece, put your rubber-band design onto the sticky tape. Trim off any pieces of rubber band that hang over the edge of the block.



**4** Now you're ready to use your stamp. Press your stamp on an ink pad a few times. You can also apply color to the stamp with a marker. Be sure you get an even coating of color onto the stamp.



**5** Press the stamp firmly and evenly onto the paper. Tips: Putting a magazine under your paper will give you a better print. Practice on scrap paper a few times before you stamp on good paper.



**6** To use the same stamp with different colors, clean the stamp by pressing it a few times onto a damp paper towel. Then press it onto a dry paper towel. The stamp should be dry before you try a second color.



## Stamping Letters

To make a stamp with a word or initials on it, put the letters onto the stamp *backward*. Here's how:

1. Write the word or initials on tracing paper or plain white paper with a black pen.
2. Flip the paper over. This is how the letters should look on the stamp.



July 1,  
Dear Aunt Lisa,  
Thank you for my  
photo album. I've filled  
half of it with pictures  
from my birthday party!  
There's a great picture  
of you u

Crafts by  
Sally Seamans





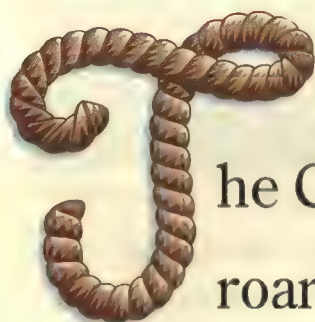


# RIDE 'EM COWGIRLS!

by HARRIET  
BROWN



Sisters Lindsay and Jennifer Cullen



he Colorado sun is glaring, the crowd is roaring, and nine-year-old Lindsay Cullen

is getting ready to ride. In a moment her name will be called and Lindsay and her horse, Coyote, will leap forward, weaving together through a

racecourse of six tall poles, trying to get to the finish line as gracefully and swiftly as they can.



Ready, set . . . rodeo!





Go, Lindsay, go! Lindsay can race through the pole-bending event in 22.6 seconds.



Most rodeo events, like goat tying, show off skills that ranchers use on the range every day. Don't worry—the goat doesn't get hurt.



elcome to the Little Britches rodeo finals, where whirling lassos, galloping horses, and speedy goats are everyday sights. This is the biggest kids' rodeo in

America, and one of the final competitions of the whole rodeo season. Here junior girls, ages 8 to 14, compete in six different events (see the box on the next page). Last August, Lindsay and her 13-year-old sister Jennifer were among the 547 kids who traveled to Colorado Springs, Colorado, to take part.

Just *getting* to the finals of Little Britches is a big achievement. Lindsay and Jennifer





Concentrate! Jennifer ropes a calf in the breakaway event.



Two generations of cowgirls: Jennifer, Mom, and Lindsay

Cullen spend each summer traveling with their mom to more than 30 different rodeos. Sometimes they leave their home in Alliance, Nebraska, at night and drive until morning to get where they're going.

In these local rodeos, the sisters compete against other kids in the six events. If they place first or second in an event, they earn the right to compete at finals at the end of the season. Last year, Jennifer qualified in all six events, and Lindsay in four—pole bending, barrel racing, goat tying, and trail course.

The stakes are higher at finals, where every kid dreams of winning prizes like saddles and college scholarships. But despite the competition, rodeoing is a friendly sport. Many of the

# The Events

Junior girls compete in six events at the Little Britches rodeo finals. In most events, the faster you go, the better your score.

## Dally ribbon roping



Girls need a partner for this event. The "roper" lassos a calf with her right hand and wraps the extra rope around her saddle horn—that's known as doing a "dally." The "runner" races over to the calf, grabs a ribbon that's tied to its tail, and runs back to the starting box. Usually girls begin as runners and work up to being ropers.

## Barrel racing



Three barrels are set up. Each girl must guide her horse around them in a cloverleaf pattern, managing sharp turns at high speeds.

## Breakaway calf roping



A rope is tied to the girl's saddle horn. She uses it to lasso a calf by the neck. She stops her horse quickly, so the rope "breaks away" from her horn. Timing stops when the rope falls to the ground.

## Pole bending



Six poles are set up 21 feet apart. Each girl must guide her horse through the course, weaving in and out without knocking any poles over. If she bumps into a pole, she can grab it and save it from falling, but if it actually falls down she loses points.

## Goat tying



A goat is tied to a post in the middle of the arena. As fast as she can, each girl rides toward the goat, jumps off her horse while it's still moving, throws the goat to the ground, and ties three of its legs together. If the goat won't go down or gets up after it's tied, the girl loses points.

## Trail course



Each girl guides her horse through an obstacle course. Along the way she must open and close a gate, put mail into a mailbox, back her horse between two barrels, run over a bridge, and get home, all in about 24 seconds.





3. What does We-Ha-Kee mean?

Lindsay, in the center, sees many of the same girls every weekend on the rodeo circuit. By finals, they're good friends.

## Little Britches finals is like one great big party!

same families travel to local rodeos and go to the Little Britches finals every year. In some ways finals is like a great big party, where you know everyone and there's always something exciting going on.

When girls like Lindsay and Jennifer aren't in the arena, they're often grooming their horses or just fooling around together. At last year's finals, Lindsay spent many afternoons practicing yo-yo tricks and riding bikes with her pals. When it came time for her events, however, Lindsay was all business. Her worst moment came during her second barrel race. Her barrel horse, Colorado, is blind in one eye, and Lindsay has to help him figure out when to turn. That time she forgot and





Jennifer takes a tight turn at top speed in the barrel-racing event.

Colorado turned too soon, missing a barrel. Lindsay's best moment came during the pole-bending event. She finished without knocking over a single pole, which is really hard to do when you're riding at top speed.



Even though Jennifer had a few problems in the goat-tying event, she did very well at finals. By the end of the week, she was the 1993 World Champion Pole Bender and the World Champion All-Around Cowgirl. Her prizes included two beautiful saddles and two college scholarships!

Lindsay won a scholarship, too—for selling the most raffle tickets. Even though she didn't win any rodeo events, she had a great time.

One day she painted one of her horses red, white, and blue, decorated him with balloons, and rode him in a parade!

For Lindsay and Jennifer, Little Britches finals meant the end of an exhausting but exciting summer of competition. On the last day, the sisters loaded up their horses and said goodbye to all their friends. Then, like true cowgirls, they rode off into the sunset—until the next rodeo. ★



A horse, a bike—Lindsay just loves to ride!



# Quiz!

# Loopy Loops and Sloppy "t"s

*summer*  
*summer*  
*summer*

## What your handwriting says about you

Do you dot your "i"s with little circles? Do your letters slant to the right or left? Some people think the answers to these questions reveal a lot about your personality. These people are called *graphologists*, and they study handwriting.

Take this not-so-serious quiz and find out if you agree with the experts. Get a piece of paper and write a paragraph about anything at all. Don't concentrate on your handwriting. Instead, think about what you want to say, so that you write naturally. Use this as a handwriting sample and answer the following questions.

1 How do your letters slant?

A. To the left

*summer*

B. To the right

*summer*

C. Straight up

*summer*



What it means:

- A. You're a little shy. You'd rather talk to your dog than to the new girl across the street.
- B. You're outgoing and friendly.
- C. You're straightforward with people. You say what you mean and you mean what you say!

2 How hard do you press when you write?

A. Not very hard

*girl*

B. Hard

*girl*

C. Medium

*girl*

What it means:

- A. You're gentle and relaxed.
- B. You're energetic and forceful. No one better get in your way!
- C. You're right in the middle—not too laid-back or too pushy.





Katya  
Katya

3 Look at the bars on your lowercase "t"s. Are they:

☐ A. Straight across?

t

☐ B. Slanted up?

t

C. Slanted down?

t

What it means:

A. No doubt about it. You're confident!

☐ B. You have high goals for yourself and want more out of life.

C. You're a rebel and a fighter—and you're not afraid to show it.



hello 4 Look at the loops on your letters. Are they:

☐ A. Tall and round?

hello

B. Tall and skinny?

hello

C. So narrow they don't exist?

hello

D. Short and round?

hello

What it means:

☐ A. You just love being the center of attention.

B. You're not materialistic—you don't have to buy a lot of things to be happy.

C. You hate clutter and fuss.

A messy room drives you nuts!

D. You have good concentration and are cautious. You look both ways before crossing the street.

5 Where do you dot your lowercase "i"?

A. A little to the right of the "i"

i

☐ B. A little to the left of the "i"

i

C. Right above the "i"

i

is

What it means:

A. You're a quick thinker. You like to finish your work fast and not worry about the details.

B. O.K., admit it. You have a tendency to put things off.

☐ C. Perfection! You crave it.



6 Do you dot your "i" with a circle?

A. Yes

i

☐ B. No

i



What it means:

A. You have a passion for fashion. It's important to you to have the scoop on all the latest fads.

☐ B. You have style, too. But you're not going to wear bell-bottoms just because three girls in your class do.


What do you think?

Do you agree with the quiz?

Try it on a friend and see if her penmanship and her personality match. Happy handwriting!







## Contest Winners

Last January we announced a story contest. We asked you to write a story starting with this sentence: "Jamie had warned her a thousand times, but she never listened." More than 2,000 of you sent entries. You made Jamie into everything from a pesky little brother to a backpack that eats homework. Your heroines rode wild horses, skated on thin ice—one even moved to Mars! From a pile of ingenious entries, the judges picked three winners. So curl up and read on!







# The Girl Who Became a Ghost

by Erin Donaghue

illustrated by Chris Sheban

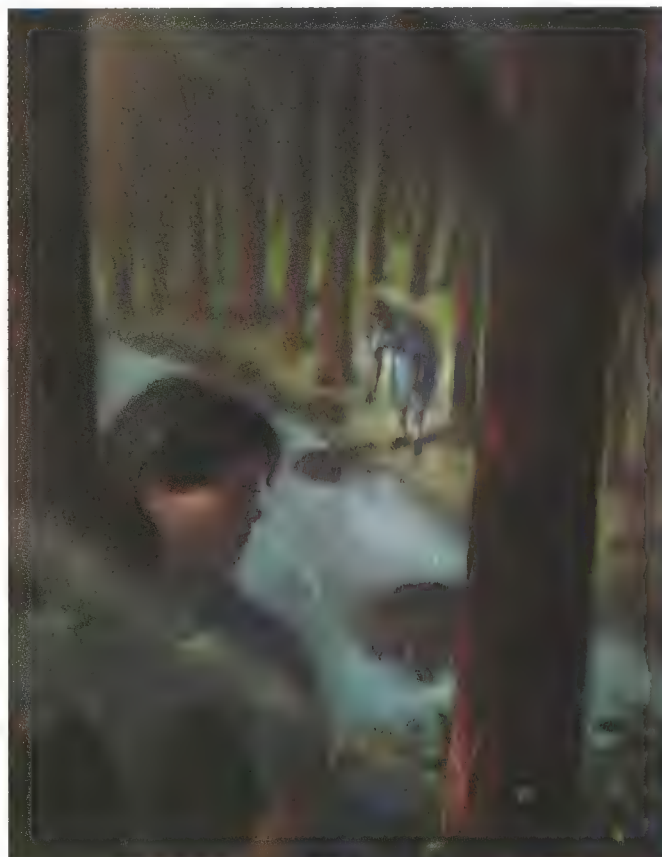
Lydia just couldn't stay away  
from Deadman's Creek.

Jamie had warned her a thousand times, but she never listened. Lydia turned onto the winding forest trail that led to Deadman's Creek. She recalled the fight she had just had with her older brother, Jamie. He didn't like Lydia going to the creek. He believed it was haunted by the ghost of a girl who had fallen into the creek and perished over one hundred years before. *Along with the rest of the town*, Lydia thought sullenly. Ever since Lydia's first glimpse of the creek three years earlier, she had felt almost a force urging her to come. It was her own private place. Jamie warned her to stay away, but she never listened.

Lydia was a pretty girl, with thick raven hair that hung down her back in curls. She had a small red mouth and green eyes outlined by long black lashes. Her nose was short and stubby, which she hated. Lydia was shorter than everyone else her age, about four feet ten inches.

Lydia reached the creek. She sat on a moss-covered rock and watched the churning water below her. The birds twitted softly and chipmunks and squirrels scam-





pered up the trees. Lydia was instantly trapped by the magic and mystery of the creek. Sometimes she would sit like this for hours. Lydia didn't think Deadman's Creek was a suitable name for such a beautiful place. Why, the creek was one of the most lively places she had ever seen! Lydia knew the name came from the legends about the ghost. She continued to stare into the deep water.

Suddenly, Lydia heard a plunk in the water. She turned to see a girl of about nine skipping stones in the creek. The girl was about 11 yards away from Lydia. She had thick blond hair pulled back into two braids that hung just above her shoulders, round cheeks, and blue eyes. The girl was wearing a blue cotton sundress.

She also turned. When she saw Lydia, she vanished. Lydia reasoned that the girl had been frightened, and had run away so quickly that it only *seemed* that she had vanished. Satisfied, Lydia relaxed and continued her daydreaming.

Lydia was reluctant to leave when the sun began to set, but she wasn't allowed out after dark. She stood and began to walk the half mile home.

**I**t was the next day. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and Lydia was in high spirits. What a perfect day to go to the creek! Lydia ran all the way through the woods to the creek.

The creek seemed even more beautiful than usual that day. What little light managed to get through the dense canopy of trees above Lydia's head sparkled on the crystal water, making it shine and glimmer. To Lydia, the creek was like a real person with emotions and feelings. Today it was bursting with energy. Lydia felt the same way. She noticed something blue high up in a tree across the creek. Why, it was the girl she had seen the day before, and she was wearing the same blue cotton sundress! The girl was sitting on a sturdy tree limb, staring into the rushing water.

"Hi! Hello there!" Lydia called up to her over the roar of the water. The girl glanced back down at her. By the expression on her face, she was clearly startled. "My name is Lydia! Who are you?" Lydia didn't have a chance to say anything more. The girl vanished. Lydia's curiosity overwhelmed her. She crossed the small log bridge to the other side of the creek and went to the tree the girl had been sitting in. There were no footprints in the mud. Lydia was confused, but she didn't see the girl anymore that day.

That night, Lydia had a dream. The girl was in Deadman's Creek, and the current was carrying her downstream. The girl was struggling to keep her head above the water. Her arms were outstretched, as if reaching for something. Lydia was sitting on the moss-covered rock, but for some reason she could not help the girl. "Help me!" the





girl cried. She stretched her arms toward Lydia. "Help me!" Her head began to sink below the water's surface. Just before she went completely under, she screamed, "Lydia, *help me!*"

Lydia woke up. Daylight poured through her window. She squinted and rested on her elbows. "That was really weird," she said aloud. "Something is going on at the creek, and it has something to do with that girl. I don't quite understand it yet, but today I am going to the creek and finding out." After Lydia was dressed and ready, she pulled on her windbreaker and pushed open the front door.

"And where do you think you're going, young lady?" Lydia turned to see her mother with her hands on her hips. "Don't tell me. To the creek. Well, Lydia, I thought you had a history report due on Monday."

The body of Susan O'Conner of 4 Orchard Road was found today in the creek. She was the daughter of Frederick and Cornelia O'Conner and was their only child. Susan O'Conner was suspected to have fallen into the creek, but how or why it happened has not been found out yet. Funeral services will be held at the cemetery at 10 A.M. on Monday.

Lydia looked at the picture. Susan had been pretty, with two blond braids that hung just above her shoulders. She had a small mouth, round cheeks, and blue eyes. She seemed so familiar. . . .

Lydia let out a short scream. Susan O'Conner was the girl she had seen near the creek! Susan was the ghost of Deadman's Creek! The legends were true! A million things flashed through Lydia's mind at once. The date of the newspaper was May 14. Today's date was May 14! Today was the anniversary of Susan O'Conner's death! Lydia remembered a movie she had seen about a ghost

Lydia let out a short scream. Susan was the ghost of Deadman's Creek! The legends were true!

"Well, I do, but—"

"I suggest you go to the library right now to finish it up. If you ask to use the microfilm machine it might help with your report."

"What's a microfilm machine?" Lydia asked.

"It's a machine that has newspapers from long ago. You turn a knob, and the newspaper goes by on a screen."

"But can't I—"

"No, Lydia. Go to the library." There was no arguing with that. Lydia sighed, grabbed her rusted bicycle, and pedaled to the library.

Soon she was sitting before the screen of a microfilm machine, turning the knob and watching the newspaper whiz by. She was looking at the newspaper for May 1874. Then something caught her eye. It was a small article that went like this:

who appeared to a girl on the anniversary of the ghost's death and reenacted the entire death. The girl saved the ghost, and then the ghost could rest in peace. Maybe that's what Susan wanted! Maybe that's what Lydia's dream meant. Susan had been asking for help. She could be drowning in the creek right now! If Lydia saved her, then she could rest in peace.

But what if it was too late? What if Susan had already drowned in the creek? Lydia left the microfilm machine on and ran out of the library. Then she grabbed her bike and pedaled as fast as she could to the creek, gripping the handlebars so hard that her knuckles turned white. She reached the creek, parked her bike, and jumped off.

What if she was too late? But she was not too late. She could hear a soft voice upstream calling





for help. As it came downstream, the voice became louder. It was Susan! Relief and nervousness flooded Lydia at the same time. How could she save Susan if she was in the middle of the creek?

Lydia carefully stepped onto a small rock in the creek. Then she stepped onto another and another, being careful not to slip and fall into the icy water. She reached a big rock in the middle of the creek and squatted down. Then she reached out her arms. Susan was coming downstream with her arms outstretched, like in the dream.

"Grab my hands!" Lydia called to Susan. She caught Susan by the arms.

Suddenly, Susan's face was evil. She smiled wickedly, as if she had completed an evil task, and laughed menacingly. Then, with much more strength than one would have expected from a nine-year-old girl, she heaved Lydia into the creek. The icy water swallowed her up. Susan hadn't wanted help at all! She wanted Lydia to die in the

creek as she had. Then she could rest in peace.

Lydia struggled to get her head above the water, but her feet were trapped. The last thing Lydia saw was the wavery image of Susan above her in the water. Her eyes flashed an evil red and she vanished. Then everything went black.

**N**o one ever found Lydia in the creek. She perished just as Susan had. The police found Lydia's bike parked at the creek and found the article she had left on the microfilm machine. They knew it was linked to her death, but they didn't know how.

Now Lydia, instead of Susan, is the ghost of Deadman's Creek. There have been reports of passersby claiming to see a pretty young girl with thick raven hair, green eyes, a small red mouth, and a short stub of a nose, about four feet ten inches tall, at the creek. Sometimes she is seen sitting on a moss-covered rock. Other times she stands on the log bridge. She is always staring into the water. Perhaps, like Susan, she will pick a young girl as her victim—one who is enchanted with the creek and comes there often.

Watch out. It could be you!

Meet the Author



Erin Donaghue



My story started with the idea of a ghost that needed help but really needed to kill. Then I added a creek, to set the scene for danger. I threw in a legend for a spooky element. I've always loved writing and am overwhelmed at being published.



Erin Donaghue, age 11, lives in Bloomfield, Connecticut.





# The Big Green Chair

by *Ellen R. Morrone*  
illustrated by Gary Baseman



Jamie had warned her a thousand times, but she never listened.

"Never, ever sit in that chair," Jamie warned Meg as they looked up at the chair. It was a ratty old thing, a weird forest green with doilies on the arms.

"So what happens if I do?" Meg asked Jamie.

"Listen, Meg," lectured Jamie. "I did once. I was just taking a nap. The next thing I knew

Ms. Potter was having a hissy fit, screaming at me to get off like anything—"

"And?"

"Well, I did and she breathed a sigh of relief, like a fire had gone out or something."

"In my opinion, it's just a big green chair with doilies on the arms."

"Yeah, well, she sure likes it," said Jamie.

"It could use a new cover, and then maybe . . ." Meg started dreaming about how nice it could look when Jamie woke her up from her trance.

"I dare you to sit on it," said Jamie.

"Sure, why not?" Meg said as she hopped up. "Ms. Potter won't know anyway. She's having tea with Ms. Monroe."

"Yeah," said Jamie. They saw the door down the hall open and there stood Ms. Potter.

She called, "Hold on a second, Martha. I'll get the Nilla Wafers. Meg! Jamie! How many times have I told you girls not to sit in that chair!"

With one arm, Ms. Potter swept Meg off the chair.

"Honestly, Prudence," called Ms. Monroe. "You *have* to train those cats."

Meet the Author



*Ellen R. Morrone*



I got the idea for my story one day when I was home sick. My cat, Topsy, was keeping me company. I was petting him and thinking

how much like a human he was, but at the same time how much he was like a cat. I did the surprise ending because I like twists at the ends of stories.



Ellen R. Morrone, age 11, lives in Brooklyn, New York.



# The Silver Cacklebur

by Kathryn Sargeant  
illustrated by Etienne Delessert

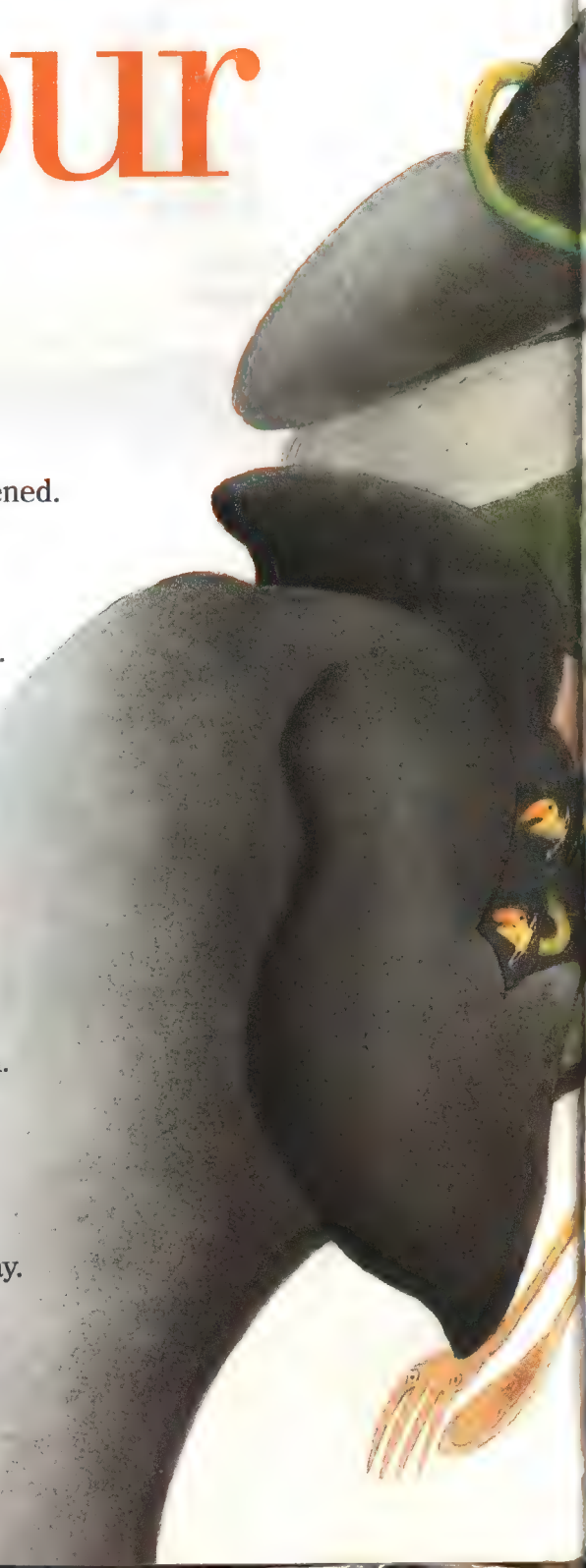
Jamie had warned her a thousand times, but she never listened.  
He had been warning her, it seemed, since the day she was christened.  
“Do not go into the north woods,” he often said to her.  
“We will know, for on your shoulder will be a silver cacklebur.”

“Why not?” she asked, her face a mask, her eyes shining with glee.  
“A witch lives there,” Jamie said, “and she will bewitch thee.”  
And so Cassie (for that was her name) went off to do her work.  
She did it very well, in fact, and never once did shirk.

“A witch, indeed!” Cassie said, and she had a hideous thought  
Of a witch, all dressed in black, stirring a bubbling pot.  
“Don’t think of such things,” she told herself,  
“Or your brain will start to rot.”

But then one day Father went to town and brought Jamie with him.  
So Cassie, having nothing to do, acted upon a whim.  
“I will go into the woods,” she thought. “I’ll see the witch, I will.  
I’ll do it in five minutes, after I feed the pigs their swill.”

So she put on her bonnet and a pair of shoes and started on her way.  
Oh! What a fine morning it was, that day in the month of May.  
Until the woods got darker, and then Cassie trembled in fear,  
And then there was a call so soft, she strained her ears to hear.







"Hello, my dear," the soft voice said, and Cassie turned around.  
And what she saw made her dizzy, and she sat upon the ground.  
It was a lady, old and wrinkled and lean,  
But in her eyes was something that made her regal as a queen.

She helped Cassie up and led her to her house,  
And fed Cassie milk and cake and gave her a pet mouse.  
"I rarely get any visitors," the old woman said with a sigh.  
"I'm glad you came. Would you like more cake?" And Cassie  
murmured "Aye."

Cassie thought the woman sweet, certainly no one to dread.  
She thought that those who feared her were not right in the head.  
But as Cassie was skipping home, three men surrounded her.  
"You've been to see the witch," they roared. "See, you've got the burr."

Cassie cried and struggled, but it was no use.  
She admitted the silver burr was very solid proof.  
They dragged her to the village common and tied her to a stake.  
And right before the fire was lit, Cassie sprang awake.

She sighed and said, "Twas just a dream," and tumbled out of bed.  
But then she saw something that filled her heart with dread.  
For on her white shift's shoulder, her little bony shoulder,  
For on her shift's right shoulder was a silver cocklebur. ★

Meet the Author



Kathryn Sargeant



I like to write because, unlike talking,  
you can revise what you say until it's  
perfect. I entered the story contest  
because I thought it would be cool to  
have something I wrote printed in a magazine.

Kathryn Sargeant, age 12, lives in Poulsbo, Washington.



Honorable mentions go to:

Meghan Hollar  
Age 8, Newton, North Carolina

Debbie Harrison  
Age 10, Mount Kisco, New York

Laura Maycock  
Age 10, Malvern, Pennsylvania

Chelsea Batten  
Age 11, Shawnee, Kansas



What animal has two trunks? An elephant going swimming.

Age 11, Chicago, Illinois

Claire Whitney

Where was the Declaration of Independence signed? At the bottom.

Age 11, Medina, Ohio

# The Giggle Gang



Have a wheel-y fun summer!



## Summertime Sets

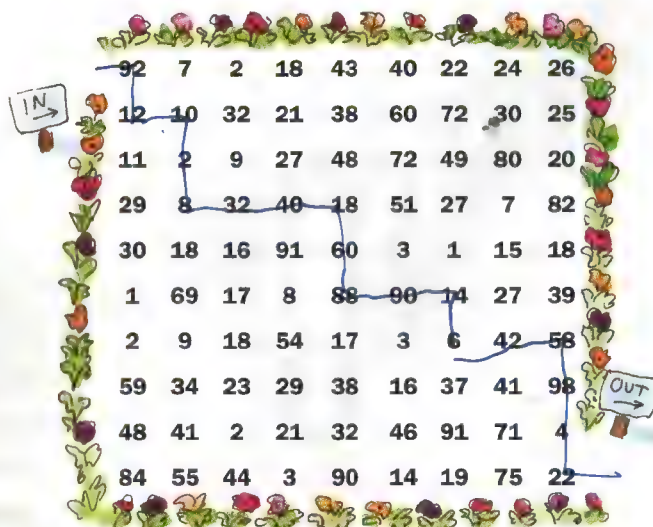
Make eight summertime words by matching one word from the left column with one word from the right.

WATER	SHINE
BASE	POT
CAMP	WOOD
DRIFT	MELON
FLOWER	SHORE
SAIL	BOAT
SEA	BALL
SUN	FIRE



## Even Out

Find your way through the box by connecting only the even numbers. You can move up, down, and across, but not diagonally.



All answers on page 46.

Knock knock. Who's there? Canoe. Canoe who? Canoe come out and play? Katie Mullalley How do you make a chocolate shake?

Age 10, Cincinnati, Ohio

Illustrations: Paul Meisel Puzzles: Sherry Timberman



# Curly, Swirly Snails

5. What bit Aram Perea on the finger?

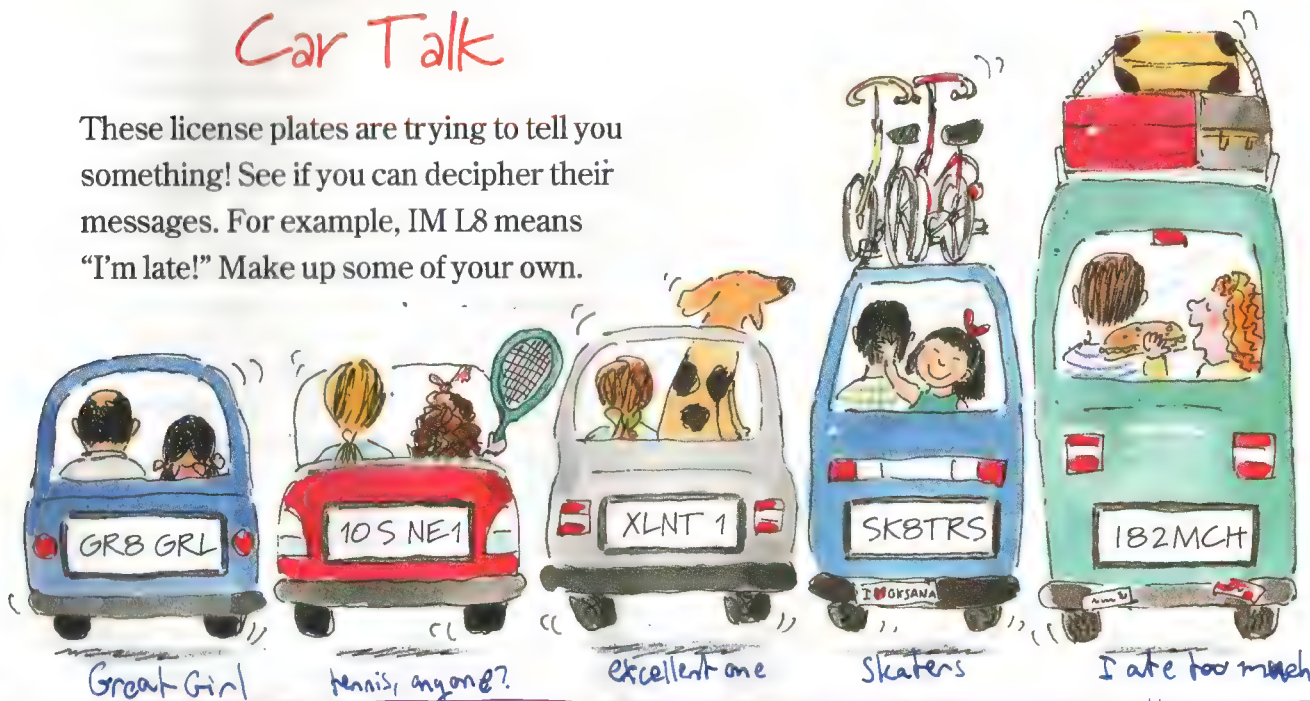


1. Using chalk, draw a hopscotch path shaped like a snail on the sidewalk. Each girl needs a stone to toss into the squares.
2. Players take turns tossing stones into the squares and hopping through the snail, just as they would in regular hopscotch. But there's one difference: in this game players hop only on one foot!
3. When a girl gets to the safe zone in the center, she lands on two feet and jumps once to turn around. Then she hops back around the snail on her other foot.

The first girl to throw her stone into square "10" and hop all the way in and out of the snail wins. Don't get dizzy!

## Car Talk

These license plates are trying to tell you something! See if you can decipher their messages. For example, IM L8 means "I'm late!" Make up some of your own.



Take it to a scary movie. Jackie Watson Age 8, Silver Spring, Maryland

What did the ocean say to the ship? Nothing, it just waved.

Hailey Wadsworth Age 10, Evanston, Illinois

What kind of food do you eat at the beach? Sand-wiches. Caroline Steadley Age 10, Jacksonville, Florida

Why does a dog wag his tail? Because no one else will wag it for him! Mia Werner Age 8, Joplin, Missouri



# The Giggle Gang

## What Letter Am I?

Each sentence below is a hint about a letter of the alphabet. Put the correct letter in the box at the right, then read down the

column to answer this question: "What's the best thing about summer?"



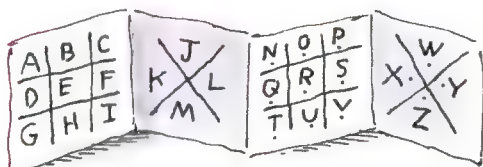
I can make *lie* into *live*. . . . .  
 There are two of me in *America*. . . . .  
 If you leave me from *cone*, I'll become *one*. . . . .  
 Add me to *stem*, and I'll *steam*. . . . .  
 Taste has two of me. . . . .  
 I can turn a *pan* into *pain*. . . . .  
 Add me to *fur* to get *four*. . . . .  
 If you take me from *don't*, you'll be left with a *dot*. . . . .

V  
A  
C  
A  
T  
I  
O  
N



## AG Code

Use the decoder below to unscramble this issue's secret message. Look for other coded messages in future issues!



NO FUN!  
 SUN CAN BE  
 TOO MUCH  
 V L U L U L U L

## Answer Box



Even Out:

Summer Sets: watermelon, baseball, campfire, driftwood, flowerpot, sailboat, seashore, sunshine  
 What Letter Am I?: vacation  
 Car Talk: 1. great girl 2. tennis anyone  
 3. excellent one 4. skaters 5. I ate too much  
 Ag Code: Too much sun can be no fun!  
 You'll find the Buzzword, ingenious, on page 36.

Find it: 1: page 23  
 Find it: 2: page 33  
 Find it: 3: page 22  
 Find it: 4: page 18  
 Find it: 5: page 4  
 Find it: 6: paper doll



Did you hear the joke about the watermelon? It's pit-i-ful. Dorann McMillen

Do you know what kind of tree grows in your hand? A palm tree. Jennifer VanGorder

Age 10, Athens, Georgia

What has four legs and is green, white, and black? A cow that just got off a roller coaster. Rebecca Tom  
 Age 10, Malden, Massachusetts

What's a 10-letter word that starts with gas? Automobile. Tia Needer  
 Age 11, Macon, Georgia  
 What does a mermaid sleep on when she goes to bed at night? A water bed. Chelsea Lydeen  
 Age 10, Lewiston, Idaho



# HELP!

**Dear American Girl,**

I have a dog named Libby. Whenever I'm having fun with her, I start thinking about her dying someday. It scares me!

*Scared*

Look into Libby's eyes. Chances are, you'll see a lot of love and eagerness. She's not thinking about tomorrow. She's thinking about when you'll throw that ball you hold in your hands, and how far it will go, and how much fun she'll have racing around to catch it. Try to be like Libby is. You can't change the fact she'll die someday. But you can sure do something about how much fun the two of you have today.



**Dear American Girl,**

I live so far away from my friends that my parents have to drive me to see them. The problem is that my mom just had a baby, and now my family is totally unorganized. My parents never have any time. Now that it's summer, I probably won't be able to see my friends for three months!

*A Girl in Indiana*



For starters, plan ahead with your friends. Don't expect your parents to drive you at a moment's notice. Set days and times for the coming week when either your parents or your friends' parents can do the driving. Also, be sure to give your parents some help with that baby! Right now, every time they turn around they've got to change a diaper, put laundry in the dryer, or fix a bowl of cereal. If you pitch in, too, they'll have more time for other things—like you.



**Dear American Girl,**

I want to be more outgoing. I try to, but whenever I get around strangers I just sit there! I'm not shy, but I just can't talk. Please help!

*TONGUE-TIED*

Ask some questions. It will let the other person know you're interested in them. It will also get them talking, so you have to do less talking yourself. You'll have a chance to relax a bit, and it will be easier to say what's on your mind. And don't forget that how well you listen is even more important than what you have to say.



**Dear American Girl,**

Everyone in my family thinks that I'm a pain in the neck. I try so hard to control my temper and to be nice. I do nice things, like collect recyclables. But I always turn out to be a pain.

*A Nice Pain in the Neck*

Every girl has days when she feels like the family pain. (Read *Ramona the Pest*, by Beverly Cleary.) Try this: (1) When you feel your temper exploding, make yourself go to your room and stay there till you cool down. (2) Do at least one nice thing for everybody in the family each day. (3) Don't be too proud to ask for forgiveness—or too stubborn to give it.





# MORE HELP!

Dear American Girl,

My two best friends stick together like glue. I am always the one left out. I'm fine playing with them separately. How can we all be friends without being in a fight all the time?

Left+Out

You've heard it before, and it's true: three is often a bad number. Invite your friends over one at a time. If you all gather at the local pool or playground, bring along a fourth girl or even a fifth. Little cliques usually don't last in a bigger group. Even if they do, you'll have somebody else to play with.



Dear American Girl,

I have a little brother with learning disabilities. Sometimes I can't understand him. Most of the time, I wish he would listen to me just once!

Amanda

Your parents probably have a lot of the same frustrations you do. Ask them what they do when they get discouraged. Ask them, also, to help you learn just what you can expect from your brother and what



you can't. Sometimes frustration comes from expecting something from a person he just can't do. The more you understand about your brother's disabilities the better it will be for all of you.



Dear American Girl,

I'm 11 years old, and I cry at the drop of a hat. I try to stop, but I just can't. What'll I do?

Crybaby

Some people cry naturally when they're angry, hurt, frustrated, or sad. It's really O.K., as long as it doesn't become an excuse for not facing up to a problem or taking responsibility for a mistake. So let yourself cry. Just don't let the tears replace words like "I'm sorry," "I think . . .," or "I'll try again."



Dear American Girl,

I have a best friend. Whenever I tell her a secret, she tells it to someone else. What should I do?

Lindsey

Don't tell her in the first place.

When you know a secret, there's only one person responsible for keeping it, and that's you.



Advice from You

"Many girls today do stupid things to get in with the 'in' crowd. I've found that standing up for what you believe is right makes you a special individual that people want to hang around with. Next time you're faced with a tough choice, remember to be yourself, because you're special!"

Catherine Zuniga  
Age 13, Alexandria, Virginia

Need advice? Write:

HELP!

American Girl

8400 Fairway Place  
Middleton, WI 53562

6. How do you play The Blind Hen?





Twined Museum of Art, gift of Howard W. Lyon



*Japanese Lanterns*, by Luther Van Gorder, 1895

## Imagine *You hold a glowing lantern in your hands.*

It's 1895, and you and your sister are lighting Japanese lanterns for your parents' garden party. Japan is all the rage these days. Americans are buying Japanese furniture, Japanese wallpaper, Japanese fans and vases—they're even having parties like this one, where they hang Japanese lanterns on their American trees.

lights made of paper! You've never seen any like them. They come from Japan's *Obon* festival, when the spirits of the dead are said to visit the living. During *Obon*, families

put lanterns by their houses and in graveyards to light the way home for their loved ones. For three days people feast and dance, celebrating their love for their ancestors, and all Japan is lit with thousands and thousands of paper lamps.

You don't know a thing about *Obon* or visiting spirits. Yet as dusk falls and the lanterns glow in your mother's roses, the mystery of *Obon* touches you even here. Your heart stirs and you think: *There's more to the world than what I see with my eyes!* ★



# American Girl®

COMING UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE

BIG BACK-TO-SCHOOL REVIEW

TALES FROM OUR TRAVELING  
TEDDY BEARS

A STORY ABOUT ADDY

CREATIVE COSTUMES FOR  
TRICK OR TREAT

MAKE A PUMPKIN TOTEM POLE

PLUS: THE FANCY-SCHMANCY  
ENVELOPE CONTEST  
WINNERS